

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

"Old Papers."

BY OLIVE MARTIN.  
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"The first snow of the season!" Lorena looked out of the big window in the living room and watched the feathery flakes of white dusting the street and sidewalk. It had been growing steadily colder all morning and an east wind was blowing. She had had Mary light the grate and a big cheery fire was now roaring up the chimney.  
"How time flies! Dear me, I'd no idea the month was so far along. I've been so busy with the campaign for the new baby hospital that I've lost track of the days." She turned to a calendar. "Goodness! It's the middle of November; next week will be Thanksgiving. Well, after I get the papers gathered and sold I'll have time to keep track of the days and get ready for Christmas."  
She turned to the window again. "I wish those little boys would hurry with their wagons; it's after one now and there's so much to do."  
But just then two figures with an express wagon came up the street and further along, two more.  
"Here they are now, bless their hearts, and now for work!"  
In a few minutes a noisy little crowd was around the fire getting instructions. "Tony, you go to Salem street on the side with even numbers, and Mike take the other side. Soraphine take Kildoo street, both sides, it's so short, and Nicholas and Reuben and Patrick go around the Park. Go to the back doors and ask the people if they have any old papers they don't need—that the money they bring in for the new baby hospital, and you'll take anything they have, newspapers and all."  
"Yes'm!" exclaimed the chorus.  
"And when you come back I'll have a nice hot supper for you with all the goodies you can think of."  
"Hurrah!" they cried.  
The crowd departed and Lorena looked fondly after her little settlement people. Her life was full of these things now, charity and good works, that kept her busy and her thoughts of the past. A half dozen years before a great tragedy had come into her life.  
She returned to the library and picked up a photograph from the table.  
"Dear, the last time I saw you was a day like this, but somehow it didn't seem cold like today. The world even without the sunshine was rosy and warm and glowing because I was with you. Can't you whisper to me through the mysterious spaces that separate us? Are you living or dead, and why did you never send me any word when you went away? You looked that day as if you wanted to say something and couldn't. What was

DAUGHTERS OF THE CANDIDATES



MARGARET WILSON.



KATHERINE HUGHES.

it, dear? Did I guess right? Did you really love me, and was it that you tried to tell? Then why did you go away so far? They said your boat went down, but I—I can't believe it." She set the picture gently in its place. In her eyes was the wonderful mystery that only a woman's eyes can hold.  
The trio told to go around the Park had their hands full. Here were houses of wealth whose caretakers were more than glad to get rid of the heavy piles of magazines stacked in attic and cellar. The little wagons were filled and two trips were made to Miss Lorena's big side porch where the contents were emptied in a heterogeneous mass that delighted her heart. "Why, kiddies, it looks as if we were going to get a good many dollars for the little sick babies. I'll have to double your pay and put an extra lot of plums in the pudding! Come on inside now and warm your fingers before you start out again. Why, what's this? It looks like a stack of sermons. Such a lot of writing and pounds and pounds of paper!" She picked up a sheet and read, "The first memoir of Euler on the planetary perturbations was transmitted to the Academy of Science in 1747." She ran her eye over another. "The amount of the various inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn independently of the consideration of the eccentricities of their orbits—

and so on.  
"It's all about stars! And it's old and dusty manuscript somebody has thrown out. Had it typewritten, most likely, but it looks like years of work. I think I'll take it and look it over. I've always loved astronomy!"  
The boys departed for another and Lorena settled herself on the rug before the fire to look over her discovery. "Do you know, there is something about the way these things are crossed a mile too high, and the way the tails of the g's and y's are neglected that reminds me of some one?" Her eyes wandered to the little silver frame on the table, and thence to her desk, where a packet of letters lay tenderly cherished.  
She turned back to her papers and picked up another. "Toward the south we see that the groups of stars which pass above the horizon—" The paragraph ended abruptly and the rest of the page was blank except for a footnote. "I'm tired and can't write any more. Lorena, dear, good night."  
She sprang to her feet with a cry, clutching the paper tightly to her breast.  
Robert Culver, returning from his daily trip to the library, went into his study and opened a drawer of his desk. It was empty! Horrified, he pulled out another. It was also empty. In fact every drawer was as innocent of paper as the Sahara Desert of fish. He strode hurriedly to the kitchen

and so on.  
"Nancy, where are the manuscripts that were in my desk?"  
"The what, sir?"  
"My papers, the things I told you never to touch!"  
Nancy reached for a corner of her apron.  
"Why, sir, it's the darlin' babies. They came and said they needed the papers to make a hospital with and they were so old and dirty I thought you'd forgotten them and I gave them to the boys."  
"Nanny," he said, with quiet despair, "you've destroyed the work of five years by your disobedience. You know how I've worked on my book better than any one, how I've stayed up nights and given up everything for it; how I've even had the telephone taken out so I wouldn't be disturbed. May heaven forgive you, I can't. Next to one other thing, it's been my whole life!"  
"Oh, sir, I'm so sorry. I didn't know those old dusty papers was it. I'll put on my hat right away. Mebbe I can find them."  
He went to the door and looked down the street. The cold wind blew fine snow into his eyes, but he didn't feel either. His work, the study of years, was gone!  
Suddenly he spied two small figures pulling a wagon through the park. They might know of something. Without waiting for hat or coat he followed as fast as he could.

"Hello, boys! Do you know any body that's collecting papers around here?"  
"We are. Have you got any? We are after our third load."  
"No, I'm afraid you got all I had. Where are you taking them?"  
"To Miss Lorena Herrick's on Sycamore street."  
"Lorena Herrick's!" he almost shouted. He stood looking dazedly into the shabby little wagon, regardless of the curious eyes turned on him standing bareheaded in the snow. Lorena Herrick! The name that had been buried in his heart for years! Then suddenly the words took form and gazed up at him from a letter in the bottom of the otherwise empty wagon. There it lay, old, yellow and soiled, but the inscription on it stood out plain. Miss Lorena Herrick, 119 Sycamore street, Brewton, N. Y. The stamp was uncanceled and the writing his own. He picked it up bewildered. "Where did this come from?"  
"Don't know. Must a fallen out of something," came the answer.  
"It's for Miss Herrick. I'll take it to her." He turned and strode away.  
Lorena stood before the fire, the paper clasped tight to her breast. The early twilight was falling, but she had no light other than the great fire. "Robert, dear, good-night!" she breathed softly over and over to the mysterious figures dancing in the flames.  
The front door opened and closed, and Robert himself came into the room, hatless, snow-covered and very pale. Lorena drew back, almost falling, then suddenly broke into a nervous little laugh.  
"You've come for this, of course!" She held out the paper.  
"I've come, dear girl of my dreams, for you. Here is the letter which never was posted, absent-minded baggage that I am. Am I too late, Lorena, after six years?"  
For answer, she held up her face to his.  
His Worst Book.  
In "A Last Memory of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Charlotte Eaton, this curious incident is recorded: "What do you consider your brightest failure?" the novelist was asked. "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he replied, without a moment's hesitation, adding: "That is the worst thing I ever wrote." Yet in a standard book of brief biographies this is the one book title given under the name of the author.  
Salt in History.  
In olden times, when salt was not so easily obtained as it is today, it was regarded in some countries as a luxury. This seems strange, does it not? At one time the Chinese made it into little cakes, stamped the image of the emperor upon it, and used it as money. In Arabia those who together ate food which had been salted, believed that this established a special bond of friendship between them. This led to the old saying: "There is salt between us."

HUGHES PITILESS ON  
MEXICAN DISGRACE

In His Mind and on His Tongue  
More Than Any Other Single  
Problem With Which Mr.  
Wilson Has Palttered.

CRAZY CHAPTER OF BLUNDERS

No One Can Hear Him Speak Without  
Seeing the Reality of His Indigna-  
tion Over the Heartless Policy of  
the Democratic Administration  
Toward American Men, Women and  
Children, American Citizens, Sol-  
diers and Sailors Aboard and Across  
the Rio Grande.


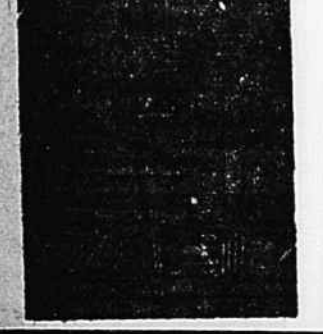


Soon after Mr. Hughes was nomi-  
nated a friend said to him: "Governor,  
if the American people forget the Mex-  
ican disgrace they do not deserve to  
have you for President." Quick as a  
flash he replied: "The candidate who  
dodges the Mexican disgrace does not  
deserve to be President." He did not  
pass around his address of acceptance  
for compliment or criticism in ad-  
vance of its delivery but the amount  
of space he devoted to the Mexican  
disgrace—that confused chapter of  
blunders—surprised no one who had  
talked with him since his nomination.  
It has been in his mind and on his  
mind more than any other single prob-  
lem with which Mr. Wilson has pal-  
tered. To talk with him is to see at once  
the reality of his indignation over the  
heartless manner in which American  
men, women and children, American  
citizens, soldiers and sailors have been  
abandoned by the Administration along  
and across the Rio Grande, the vic-  
tims of Mexican armed forces, outfit-  
ted with American ammunition and  
American rifles, Mexicans whom Mr.  
Wilson has coddled one day as pa-  
triot only to chase the next as  
bandits.

It is apparently the belief of Mr.  
Wilson that the people of the United  
States are not interested in Mexico.  
His defenders have declared that it  
was on "old story and out of date."  
Mr. Hughes has a better opinion of his  
fellow countrymen. He has proved  
himself a better judge of their feelings.  
He has made "the Mexican disgrace" a  
foremost issue of his campaign. He  
has assailed the record of the Admin-  
istration in that respect in almost  
every speech he has made. He has nev-  
er failed to strike a responsive chord  
in the hearts of his audience, whether  
speaking in Carnegie Hall, New York,  
from the platform of his train at  
Grand Forks, North Dakota, to a vast

audience at Portland, at the expo-  
sition at San Diego or in the prairie  
states of the Middle West. He has re-  
fused the gladder, sometimes heard in  
the state capitol, that the people of the  
great West do not care what happens  
to their fellow citizens in Mexico or  
to the flag beyond the border. No  
man born in the West has a firmer  
faith in the fundamental patriotism  
and "dominant Americanism" of the  
people of that section than Mr.  
Hughes. He holds them responsible  
in large measure for the encourage-  
ment and support he received while  
Governor of New York in his war  
upon political graft and political boss-  
ism. He thinks they had much to do  
with conscripting him as the cham-  
pion of nationalism in the current cam-  
paign. He showed his confidence in  
their practical idealism when he made  
"the Mexican disgrace" an uppermost  
issue of his campaign. He has been  
vindicated by the response his arrange-  
ment of the Administration on this  
score has everywhere evoked. From  
Maine to California "the Mexican dis-  
grace" is a sore subject with re-  
blooded Americans today. But no-  
where between the oceans are the ou-  
trages inflicted in Mexico upon Amer-  
ican honor, life and property more  
keenly resented than around the fire-  
sides of the great West. Mr. Hughes  
is no stranger to the West. His  
straightforward talk on Mexico proves  
it.

HUGHES OR WILSON?  
ROOSEVELT'S ANSWER

"Against Mr. Wilson's com-  
bination of grace in elocution  
with facility in action; against  
his record of words unbacked by  
deeds or betrayed by deeds, we  
see Mr. Hughes' rugged and un-  
compromising straightforwardness  
of character and action in  
every office he has held. We  
put the man who thinks and  
speaks directly, and whose  
words have always been made  
good, against the man whose  
adroit and facile elocution is  
used to conceal his plans or his  
want of plans. The next four  
years may well be years of tre-  
mendous national strain. Which  
of the two men do you, the  
American people, wish at the  
helm during these four years;  
the man who has been actually  
tried and found wanting, or  
the man whose whole career in public  
office is a guarantee of his  
power and good faith? But one  
answer is possible; and it must  
be given by the American people  
through the election of Charles  
Evans Hughes as President of the  
United States."—Roosevelt  
in Maine Speech.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET	PROHIBITION TICKET	SOCIALIST TICKET	REPUBLICAN TICKET
			
NATIONAL TICKET	NATIONAL TICKET	NATIONAL TICKET	NATIONAL TICKET
For President WOODROW WILSON of New Jersey	For President J. FRANK HANLEY of Indiana	For President ALLAN A. BENSON of New York	For President CHARLES E. HUGHES of New York
For Vice President THOMAS R. MARSHALL of Indiana	For Vice President IRA LANDRITH of Tennessee	For Vice President GEORGE R. KINPATRICK of New York	For Vice President CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS of Indiana
For Presidential Electors	For Presidential Electors	For Presidential Electors	For Presidential Electors
ORLANDO M. DEPUIS Residence, Kyser, W. Va.	HARVEY W. ALVILL Residence, Parsons, W. Va.	HENRY BALLARD Residence, Gates, W. Va.	CHARLES E. CARRIGAN Residence, Moundsville, W. Va.
E. L. BAILEY Residence, Bluefield, W. Va.	THOMAS N. BARNES Residence, Weston, W. Va.	T. K. HARTER Residence, Lons Tree, W. Va.	C. A. DUNN Residence, Red Sulphur, W. Va.
JOHN COLEMAN Residence, Wheeling, W. Va.	MARTIN L. CONNELLY Residence, Triadelphia, W. Va.	E. H. KINTZER Residence, Clarksburg, W. Va.	JULIAN G. HEARNE Residence, Wheeling, W. Va.
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S. T. SPEARS Residence, Eikhart, W. Va.	GEORGE W. OGDEN Residence, Beckley, W. Va.	CLAS W. MCGINNIS Residence, Wheeling, W. Va.	JAMES REID Residence, Clay, W. Va.
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C. C. WATTS Residence, Charleston, W. Va.	D. M. SCOTT Residence, Montama, W. Va.	T. A. SWAN Residence, Huntington, W. Va.	R. P. SHINN Residence, Ripley, W. Va.
W. I. WOODBELL Residence, Webster Springs, W. Va.	J. OTIS SCOTT Residence, Clarksburg, W. Va.	THOS. SWINBURN Residence, Charleston, W. Va.	MEREDITH J. SIMMS Residence, Montgomery, W. Va.
U. S. SENATORIAL TICKET	U. S. SENATORIAL TICKET	U. S. SENATORIAL TICKET	U. S. SENATORIAL TICKET
For United States Senator W. E. CHILTON Residence, Charleston, W. Va.	For United States Senator J. OTIS SCOTT Residence, Clarksburg, W. Va.	For United States Senator THOS. SWINBURN Residence, Charleston, W. Va.	For United States Senator HOWARD SUTHERLAND Residence, Elkins, W. Va.
CONGRESSIONAL TICKET	CONGRESSIONAL TICKET	CONGRESSIONAL TICKET	CONGRESSIONAL TICKET
For Congress, First District MATTHEW M. NEELY Residence, Fairmont, W. Va.	For Congress, First District J. OTIS SCOTT Residence, Clarksburg, W. Va.	For Congress, First District THOMAS W. FLEMING Residence, Fairmont, W. Va.	For Congress, First District THOMAS W. FLEMING Residence, Fairmont, W. Va.
STATE TICKET	STATE TICKET	STATE TICKET	STATE TICKET
For Governor JOHN J. CHERWILL Residence, Romney, W. Va.	For Governor JOHN J. CHERWILL Residence, Romney, W. Va.	For Governor IRA E. ROBINSON Residence, Clarksburg, W. Va.	For Governor IRA E. ROBINSON Residence, Clarksburg, W. Va.
For Secretary of State CLAS W. MCGINNIS Residence, Wheeling, W. Va.	For Secretary of State CLAS W. MCGINNIS Residence, Wheeling, W. Va.	For Secretary of State CLAS W. MCGINNIS Residence, Wheeling, W. Va.	For Secretary of State CLAS W. MCGINNIS Residence, Wheeling, W. Va.